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Kewith Grecesing

THE

ENGLISH GARDEN:

A

POEM.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

BY

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YORK PRINTED BY A. WARD:

And sold by J. DODSLEY, Pall-Mall; T. CADELL, in the Strand; and R. FAULDER, in New Bond-Street, London; and J. TODD, in York.

M.DCC.LXXXI.

THE

ENGLISH GARDEN.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NOR yet withdraw thy aid, thou NYMPH divine! *
That aid auſpicious, which, in Art's domain,
Already has reform'd whate'er prevail'd
Of foreign, or of falſe; has led the curve
That Nature loves thro' all her ſylvan haunts;
Has ſtol'n the fence unnotic'd that arreſts
Her vagrant herds; giv'n luſtre to her lawns,
Gloom to her groves, and, in expanſe ſerene,
Devolv'd that wat'ry mirror at her foot,
O'er which ſhe loves to bend and view her charms.

* SIMPLICITY. See the beginning of the Poem. The following lines recapitulate the ſubject of the three preceding Books. The 1ſt to the pauſe in ver. 4th; the 2d from thence to that in ver. 7th; and the third finiſhes with the paragraph.

And tell me Thou, whoe'er haſt new-arrang'd
By her chaſte rules thy garden, if thy heart
Feels not the warm, the ſelf-dilating glow
Of true Benevolence. Thy flocks, thy herds,
That browze luxurious o'er thoſe very plots
Which once were barren, bleſs thee for the change;
The birds of Air (which thy funereal Yews
Of ſhape uncouth, and leaden Sons of Earth,
Antæus and Enceladus, with clubs
Uplifted, long had frighted from the ſcene)
Now pleas'd return, they perch on ev'ry ſpray,
And ſwell their little throats, and warble wild
Their vernal minſtrelſy; to Heav'n and Thee
It is a hymn of thanks: do thou, like Heav'n,
With tutelary care reward their ſong.

Ere-while the Muſe, induſtrious to combine
Nature's own charms, with theſe alone adorn'd
The Genius of the Scene; but other gifts
She has in ſtore, which gladly now ſhe brings,
And he ſhall proudly wear. Know, when ſhe broke

The ſpells of Faſhion, from the crumbling wreck
Of her enchantments ſagely did ſhe cull
Thoſe reliques rich of old Vitruvian ſkill,
With what the Sculptor's hand in claſſic days
Made breathe in Braſs or Marble; theſe theHag
Had purloin'd, and diſpos'd in Folly's fane;
To him theſe trophies of her victory
She bears; and where his awful nod ordains
Conſpicuous means to place. He ſhall direct
Her dubious judgment, from the various hoard
Of ornamental treaſures, how to chuſe
The ſimpleſt and the beſt; on theſe his ſeal
Shall ſtamp great Nature's image and his own,
To charm for unborn ages.—Fling the reſt
Back to the Beldame, bid her whirl them all
In her vain vortex, lift them now to day,
Now plunge in night, as, thro' the humid rack
Of April cloud, ſwift flits the trembling beam.

But precepts tire, and this faſtidious Age
Rejects the ſtrain didactic: Try we then

In livelier Narrative the truths to veil
We dare not dictate. Sons of Albion, hear!
The tale I tell is full of ſtrange event,
And piteous circumſtance; yet deem not ye,
If names I feign, that therefore facts are feign'd:
Nor hence refuſe (what moſt augments the charm
Of ſtoried woe) that fond credulity
Which binds th'attentive ſoul in cloſer chains.

At manhood's prime ALCANDER's duteous tear
Fell on his Father's grave. The fair Domain,
Which then became his ample heritage,
That Father had reform'd; each line deſtroy'd
Which Belgic dulneſs plann'd; and Nature's ſelf
Reſtor'd to all the rights ſhe wiſh'd to claim.

Crowning a gradual hill his Manſion roſe
In antient Engliſh grandeur: Turrets, Spires,
And Windows, climbing high from baſe to roof
In wide and radiant rows, beſpoke its birth
Coëval with thoſe rich cathedral fanes,

(Gothic

(Gothic ill-nam'd) where harmony reſults
From diſunited parts; and ſhapes minute,
At once diſtinct and blended, boldly form
One vaſt majeſtic whole. No modern art
Had marr'd with miſplac'd ſymmetry the Pile.
ALCANDER held it ſacred: On a height,
Which weſtering to its ſite the front ſurvey'd,
He firſt his taſte employ'd: for there a line
Of thinly ſcatter'd Beech too tamely broke
The blank Horizon. "Draw we round yon knowl,"
ALCANDER cry'd, "in ſtately Norman mode,
"A wall embattled; and within its guard
"Let every ſtructure needful for a Farm
"Ariſe in Caſtle-ſemblance; the huge Barn
"Shall with a mock Portcullis arm the gate,
"Where Ceres entering, o'er the flail-proof floor
"In golden triumph rides; ſome Tower rotund
"Shall to the Pigeons and their callow young
"Safe rooſt afford; and ev'ry buttreſs broad,
"Whoſe proud projection ſeems a maſs of ſtone,

" Give ſpace to ſtall the heifer, and the ſteed.
" So ſhall each part, tho' turn'd to rural uſe,
" Deceive the eye with thoſe bold feudal forms
" That Fancy loves to gaze on." This achiev'd,
Now nearer home he calls returning Art
To hide the ſtructure rude where Winter pounds
In conic pit his congelations hoar,
That Summer may his tepid beverage cool
With the chill luxury; his Dairy too
There ſtands of form unſightly: both to veil,
He builds of old disjointed moſs-grown ſtone
A time-ſtruck Abbey *. An impending grove
Screens it behind with reverential ſhade;
While bright in front the ſtream reflecting ſpreads,
Which winds a mimic River o'er his Lawn.
The Fane conventual there is dimly ſeen,

* It was ſaid in the firſt Book, ver. 384, that of thoſe architectural Objects which improved a fine natural *Engliſh* proſpect, the two principal ones were a *Caſtle* and an *Abbey*. In conformity with this Idea, ALCANDER firſt begins to exerciſe his taſte, by forming a reſemblance of thoſe two capital artificial features, *uniting them*, however, *with utility*. The precept is here meant to be conveyed by deſcription, which had before been given more directly in Book II. ver. 21.

Beauty ſcorns to dwell
Where *Uſe* is exil'd.

The mitred Window, and the Cloiſter pale,
With many a mouldering Column; Ivy ſoon
Round the rude chinks her net of foliage ſpreads;
Its verdant meſhes ſeem to prop the wall.

One native Glory, more than all ſublime,
ALCANDER's ſcene poſſeſt: 'Twas Ocean's ſelf——
He, boiſt'rous King, againſt the eaſtern cliffs
Daſh'd his white foam; a verdant vale between
Gave ſplendid ingreſs to his world of waves.
Slaunting this vale the mound of that clear ſtream
Lay hid in ſhade, which ſlowly lav'd his Lawn:
But there ſet free, the rill reſum'd its pace,
And hurried to the Main. The dell it paſt
Was rocky and retir'd: Here Art with eaſe
Might lead it o'er a Grot, and filter'd there,
Teach it to ſparkle down its craggy ſides,
And fall and tinkle on its pebbled floor.
Here then that Grot he builds, and conchs with ſpars,
Moſs petrified with branching corallines
In mingled mode arranges: All found here

Propriety of place; what view'd the Main
Might well the ſhelly gifts of Thetis bear.
Not ſo the inland cave: with richer ſtore
Than thoſe the neighb'ring mines and mountains yield
To hang its roof, would ſeem incongruous Pride,
And fright the local Genius from the ſcene *.

One vernal morn, as urging here the work
Surrounded by his hinds, from mild to cold
The Seaſon chang'd, from cold to ſudden ſtorm,
From ſtorm to whirlwind. To the angry main
Swiftly he turns and ſees a laden Ship
Diſmaſted by its rage. "Hie, hie we all,"
ALCANDER cry'd, "quick to the neighb'ring beach."
They flew; they came, but only to behold,
Tremendous ſight! the Veſſel daſh its poop
Amid the boiling breakers. Need I tell
What ſtrenuous Arts were us'd, when all were us'd,
To ſave the ſinking Crew? One tender Maid

Alone

* A precept is here rather more than hinted at; but it appeared to be ſo well founded and yet ſo ſeldom attended to by the fabricators of Grottos, that it ſeemed neceſſary to ſlide back a little from the narrative into the didactic to inculcate it the more ſtrongly.

Alone eſcap'd, ſav'd by ALCANDER's arm,
Who boldly ſwam to ſnatch her from the plank
To which ſhe feebly clung; ſwiftly to ſhore,
And ſwifter to his home the youth convey'd
His clay-cold prize, who at his portal firſt
By one deep ſigh a ſign of Life betray'd.
A Maid ſo ſav'd, if but by nature bleſt
With common charms, had ſoon awak'd a flame
More ſtrong than Pity, in that melting heart
Which Pity warm'd before. But ſhe was fair
As Poets picture Hebe, or the Spring;
Graceful withal, as if each limb were caſt
In that ideal mould whence RAPHAEL drew
His Galatea*: Yes, th' impaſſion'd Youth
Felt more than pity when he view'd her charms.
Yet ſhe, (ah, ſtrange to tell) tho' much he lov'd,
Suppreſt as much that ſympathetic flame

* Alluding to a Letter of that famous Painter, written to his Friend Count Baltaſer Caſtiglione, when he was painting his celebrated picture of Galatea, in which he tells him, " eſſendo careſtia di belle donne, io mi ſervo di certa idea che viene alla mente." See Bellori *Diſcriz. delle imagini dipinte da Raffaello d' Urbino*, or the Life of B. Caſtiglione, prefixt to the London Edition of his Book entitled, *Il Cortegiano*.

Which Love like his ſhould kindle: Did he kneel
In rapture at her feet? ſhe bow'd the head,
And coldly bad him riſe; or did he plead,
In terms of pureſt paſſion, for a ſmile?
She gave him but a tear: his manly form,
His virtues, ev'n the courage that preſerv'd
Her life, beſeem'd no ſentiment to wake
Warmer than gratitude; and yet the love
Withheld from him ſhe freely gave his ſcenes;
On all their charms a juſt applauſe beſtow'd;
And, if ſhe e'er was happy, only then
When wand'ring where thoſe charms were moſt diſplay'd.

As thro' a neighb'ring Grove, where antient beech
Their awful foliage flung, ALCANDER led
The penſive maid along, "Tell me," ſhe cry'd,
"Why, on theſe foreſt features all-intent,
"Forbears my friend ſome ſcene diſtinct to give
"To Flora and her fragrance? Well I know
"That in the general Landſcape's broad expanſe

"Their

" Their little blooms are loſt; but here are glades,
" Circled with ſhade, yet pervious to the ſun,
" Where, if enamell'd with their rainbow-hues,
" The eye would catch their ſplendor: turn thy Taſte,
" Ev'n in this graſſy circle where we ſtand,
" To form their plots; there weave a woodbine Bower,
" And call that Bower NERINA's." At the word
ALCANDER ſmil'd; his fancy inſtant form'd
The fragrant ſcene ſhe wiſh'd; and Love, with Art
Uniting, ſoon produc'd the finiſh'd whole.

Down to the South the glade by Nature lean'd;
Art form'd the ſlope ſtill ſofter, opening there
Its foliage, and to each Eteſian gale
Admittance free diſpenſing; thickeſt ſhade
Guarded the reſt.—His taſte will beſt conceive
The new arrangement, whoſe free footſteps, us'd
To foreſt haunts, have pierc'd their opening dells,
Where frequent tufts of ſweetbriar, box, or thorn,
Steal on the green ſward, but admit fair ſpace
For many a moſſy maze to wind between.

So here did Art arrange her flow'ry groups
Irregular, yet not in patches quaint *,
But interpos'd between the wand'ring lines
Of ſhaven turf which twiſted to the path,
Gravel or ſand, that in as wild a wave
Stole round the verdant limits of the ſcene;
Leading the Eye to many a ſculptur'd buſt
On ſhapely pedeſtal, of Sage, or Bard,
Bright heirs of fame, who living lov'd the haunts
So fragrant, ſo ſequeſter'd. Many an Urn
There too had place, with votive lay inſcrib'd
To Freedom, Friendſhip, Solitude, or Love.

And now each flow'r that bears tranſplanting change,
Or blooms indigenous, adorn'd the ſcene:

Only

* There is nothing in pictureſque Gardening which ſhould not have its archetype in unadorned Nature. Now, as we never ſee any of her plains dotted with diſſevered patches of any ſort of vegetables, except, perhaps, ſome of her more barren heaths, where even Furze can grow but ſparingly, and which form the moſt diſagreeable of her ſcenes, therefore the preſent common mode of dotting clumps of flowers, or ſhrubs on a graſs-plat, without union, and without other meaning than that of appearing irregular, ought to be avoided. It is the form and eaſy flow of the graſſy interſtices (if I may ſo call them) that the deſigner ought firſt to have a regard to; and if theſe be well formed, the ſpaces for flowers or ſhrubbery will be at the ſame time aſcertained.

Only NERINA's wiſh, her woodbine bower,
Remain'd to crown the whole. Here, far beyond
That humble wiſh, her Lover's Genius form'd
A glittering Fane, where rare and alien plants
Might ſafely flouriſh *; where the Citron ſweet,
And fragrant Orange, rich in fruit and flowers,
Might hang their ſilver ſtars, their golden globes,
On the ſame odorous ſtem: Yet ſcorning there
The glaſſy penthouſe of ignoble form,
High on Ionic ſhafts he bad it tower
A proud Rotunda; to its ſides conjoin'd
Two broad Piazzas in theatric curve,
Ending in equal Porticos ſublime.
Glaſs rooft the whole, and ſidelong to the South
'Twixt ev'ry fluted Column, lightly rear'd
Its wall pellucid. All within was day,

* *M. Le Giradin*, in an elegant French Eſſay, written on the ſame ſubject, and formed on the ſame principles, with this Poem, is the only writer that I have ſeen (or at leaſt recollect) who has attempted to give a ſtove or hot-houſe a picturesque effect. It is his hint, purſued and conſiderably dilated, which forms the deſcription of ALCANDER's Conſervatory. See his Eſſay, *De la compoſition des Payſages. Geneva*, 1777.

Was genial Summer's day, for ſecret ſtoves
Thro' all the pile ſolſtitial warmth convey'd.

Theſe led thro' iſles of Fragrance to the Dome,
Each way in circling quadrant. That bright ſpace
Guarded the ſpicy tribes from Afric's ſhore,
Or Ind, or Araby, Sabæan Plants
Weeping with nard, and balſam. In the midſt
A Statue ſtood, the work of Attic Art;
Its thin light drapery, caſt in fluid folds,
Proclaim'd its antientry; all ſave the head,
Which ſtole (for Love is prone to gentle thefts)
The features of NERINA; yet that head,
So perfect in reſemblance; all its air
So tenderly impaſſion'd; to the trunk,
Which Grecian ſkill had form'd, ſo aptly join'd,
PHIDIAS himſelf might ſeem to have inſpir'd
The chiſſel, brib'd to do the am'rous fraud.
One graceful hand held forth a flow'ry wreath,
The other preſt her zone; while round the baſe
Dolphins, and Triton ſhells, and plants marine

Proclaim'd,

Proclaim'd, that Venus, riſing from the ſea,
Had veil'd in Flora's modeſt veſt her charms.

Such was the Fane, and ſuch the Deity
Who ſeem'd, with ſmile auſpicious, to inhale
That incenſe which a tributary world
From all its regions round her altar breath'd:
And yet, when to the ſhrine ALCANDER led
His living Goddeſs, only with a ſigh,
And ſtarting tear, the ſtatue and the dome
Reluctantly ſhe view'd. And "why," ſhe cry'd,
"Why would my beſt Preſerver here erect,
"With all the fond idolatry of Love,
"A Wretch's image whom his Pride ſhould ſcorn,
"(For ſo his Country bids him). Drive me hence,
"Tranſport me quick to Gallia's hoſtile ſhore,
"Hoſtile to thee, yet not, alas! to her
"Who there was meant to ſojourn: there, perchance,
"My Father, wafted by more proſp'rous gales,
"Now mourns his Daughter loſt; my Brother there
"Perhaps now ſooths that venerable age

"He

" He ſhould not ſooth alone. Vain thought! perchance
" Both periſh'd at Eſopus—do not bluſh,
" It was not thou that lit the ruthleſs flame;
" It was not thou, that, like remorſeleſs Cain,
" Thirſted for Brother's blood: thy heart diſdains
" The ſavage imputation. Reſt thee there,
" And, tho' thou pitieſt, yet forbear to grace,
" A wretched Alien, and a Rebel deem'd,
" With honors ill-beſeeming her to claim.
" My wiſh, thou know'ſt, was humble as my ſtate;
" I only begg'd a little woodbine bower,
" Where I might ſit and weep, while all around
" The lilies and the blue bells hung their heads
" In ſeeming ſympathy." " Does then the ſcene
" Diſpleaſe?" the diſappointed lover cry'd;
" Alas! too much it pleaſes," ſigh'd the fair;
" Too ſtrongly paints the paſſion which ſtern Fate
" Forbids me to return;" " Doſt thou then love
" Some happier youth?" " No, tell thy generous ſoul
" Indeed I do not." More ſhe would have ſaid,

But

But guſhing grief prevented. From the Fane
Silent he led her; as from Eden's bower
The Sire of Men his weeping Partner led,
Leſs lovely, and leſs innocent than ſhe.

Yet ſtill ALCANDER hop'd what laſt ſhe ſigh'd
Spoke more than gratitude; the War might end;
Her Father might conſent; for that alone
Now ſeem'd the duteous barrier to his bliſs.
Already had he ſent a faithful friend
To learn if France the reverend Exile held:
That friend return'd not. Mean-while ev'ry ſun
Which now (a year elaps'd) diurnal roſe
Beheld her ſtill more penſive; inward Pangs,
From grief's concealment, hourly ſeem'd to force
Health from her cheek, and Quiet from her ſoul.
ALCANDER mourn'd the change, yet ſtill he hop'd;
For Love to Hope his flickering taper lends,
When Reaſon with his ſteady torch retires:
Hence did he try by ever-varying arts,
And ſcenes of novel charm her grief to calm.

Nor did he not employ the Syren Powers
Of Muſic and of Song; or Painting, thine,
Sweet ſource of pure delight! But I record
Thoſe arts alone, which form my ſylvan theme.

At ſtated hours, full oft had he obſerv'd,
She fed with welcome grain the houſehold fowl
That treſpaſt on his lawn; this wak'd a wiſh
To give her feather'd fav'rites ſpace of land,
And lake appropriate: in a neighb'ring copſe
He plann'd the ſcene; for there the cryſtal ſpring,
That form'd his river, from a rocky cleft
Firſt bubbling broke to day; and ſpreading there
Slept on its ruſhes. "Here my delving hinds,"
He cry'd, "ſhall ſoon the marſhy ſoil remove,
"And ſpread, in brief extent, a glittering Lake
"Chequer'd with iſles of verdure; on yon Rock
"A ſculptur'd River-God ſhall reſt his urn;
"And thro' that urn the native fountain flow.
"Thy wiſh'd-for bower, NERINA, ſhall adorn
"The ſouthern bank; the downy race, that ſwim

"The

" The lake, or pace the ſhore, with livelier charms,
" Yet no leſs rural, here will meet thy glance,
" Than flowers inanimate." Full ſoon was ſcoopt
The wat'ry bed, and ſoon, by margin green,
And riſing banks, inclos'd; the higheſt gave
Site to a ruſtic fabric, ſhelving deep
Within the thicket, and in front compos'd
Of three unequal arches, lowly all
The ſurer to expel the noontide glare,
Yet yielding liberal inlet to the ſcene;
Woodbine with jaſmine careleſsly entwin'd
Conceal'd the needful maſonry, and hung
In free feſtoons, and veſted all the cell.
Hence did the lake, the iſlands, and the rock,
A living landſcape ſpread; the feather'd fleet,
Led by two mantling ſwans, at ev'ry creek
Now touch'd, and now unmoor'd; now on full ſail,
With pennons ſpread and oary feet they ply'd
Their vagrant voyage; and now, as if becalm'd,
'Tween ſhore and ſhore at anchor ſeem'd to ſleep.

Around thoſe ſhores the Fowl that fear the ſtream
At random rove: hither hot Guinea ſends
Her gadding troop; here midſt his ſpeckled Dames
The pigmy Chanticleer of Bantam winds
His clarion; while, ſupreme in glittering ſtate,
The Peacock ſpreads his rainbow train, with eyes
Of ſapphire bright, irradiate each with gold.
Mean-while from ev'ry ſpray the Ringdoves coo,
The Linnets warble, captive none *, but lur'd
By food to haunt the umbrage: all the Glade
Is Life, is Muſic, Liberty, and Love.

And is there now to Pleaſure or to Uſe
One ſcene devoted in the wide domain
Its Maſter has not poliſh'd? Rumour ſpreads
Its praiſes far, and many a ſtranger ſtops
With curious eye to cenſure or admire.

To

* See Rouſſeau's charming deſcription of the Garden of Julie, *Nouvelle Eloiſe*, 4 *partie*. *Lett*. 11*th*. In conſequence of purſuing his idea, no birds are introduced into ALCANDER's Menagerie, but ſuch as are either domeſticated, or chuſe to viſit it for the ſecurity and food they find there. If any of my more delicate readers wiſh to have theirs ſtocked with rarer kind of fowls, they muſt invent a picturesque Bird-cage for themſelves.

To all his Lawns are pervious; oft himſelf
With courteous greeting will the critic hail,
And join him in the circuit. Give we here
(If Candour will with patient ear attend)
The ſocial dialogue ALCANDER held
With one, a Youth of mild yet manly mein,
Who ſeem'd to taſte the beauties he ſurvey'd.

" Little, I fear me, will a ſtranger's eye
" Find here to praiſe, where rich Vitruvian Art
" Has rear'd no temples, no triumphal arcs;
" Where no Palladian bridges ſpan the ſtream,
" But all is homebred Fancy." " For that cauſe,
" And chiefly that," the poliſh'd Youth reply'd,
" I view each part with rapture. Ornament,
" When foreign or fantaſtic, never charm'd
" My judgment; here I tread on Britiſh ground;
" With Britiſh annals all I view accords.
" Some Yorkiſt, or Lancaſtrian Baron bold,
" To awe his vaſſals, or to ſtem his foes,
" Yon maſſy bulwark built; on yonder pile,

" In ruin beauteous, I diſtinctly mark
" The ruthleſs traces of ſtern HENRY's hand.

" Yet," cry'd ALCANDER, (interrupting mild
The ſtranger's ſpeech) " if ſo yon antient ſeat,
" Pride of my anceſtors, had mock'd repair,
" And by Proportion's Greek or Roman laws
" That pile had been rebuilt, thou wouldſt not then,
" I truſt, have blam'd, if, there on Doric ſhafts
" A temple roſe; if ſome tall obeliſk
" O'ertopt yon grove, or bold triumphal arch
" Uſurpt my Caſtle's ſtation."—" Spare me yet
" Yon ſolemn Ruin," the quick youth return'd,
" No mould'ring aqueduct, no yawning crypt
" Sepulchral, will conſole me for its fate."

" I mean not that," the Maſter of the ſcene
Reply'd; " tho' claſſic rules to modern piles
" Should give the juſt arrangement, ſhun we here
" By thoſe to form our Ruins; much we own

" They pleaſe, when, by PANINI's pencil drawn,
" Or darkly grav'd by PIRANESI's hand,
" And fitly might ſome Tuſcan garden grace;
" But Time's rude mace has here all Roman piles
" Levell'd ſo low, that who, on Britiſh ground
" Attempts the taſk, builds but a ſplendid lye
" Which mocks hiſtoric credence. Hence the cauſe
" Why Saxon piles or Norman here prevail:
" Form they a rude, 'tis yet an Engliſh whole."

" And much I praiſe thy choice," the ſtranger cry'd;
" Such chaſte ſelection ſhames the common mode,
" Which, mingling ſtructures of far diſtant times,
" Far diſtant regions, here, perchance, erects
" A fane to Freedom, where her BRUTUS ſtands
" In act to ſtrike the tyrant; there a Tent,
" With creſcent crown'd, with ſcymitars adorn'd,
" Meet for ſome BAJAZET; northward we turn,
" And lo! a pigmy Pyramid pretends
" We tread the realms of PHARAOH; quickly thence
" Our ſouthern ſtep preſents us heaps of ſtone
" Rang'd in a DRUID circle. Thus from age

" To age, from clime to clime inceſſant borne,
" Imagination flounders headlong on,
" Till, like fatigu'd VILLARIO *, ſoon we find
" We better like a field." " Nicely thy hand
" The childiſh landſcape touches," cries his hoſt,
" For Faſhion ever is a wayward child;
" Yet ſure we might forgive Her faults like theſe,
" If but in ſeparate or in ſingle ſcenes
" She thus with Fancy wanton'd: Should I lead
" Thy ſtep, my Friend, (for our accordant taſtes
" Prompt me to give thee that familiar name)
" Behind this ſcreen of Elm, thou there might'ſt find
" I too had idly play'd the truant's part,
" And broke the bounds of judgment." " Lead me there,"
Briſkly the Youth return'd, " for having prov'd
" Thy Epic Genius here, why not peruſe
" Thy lighter Ode or Eclogue?" Smiling thence
ALCANDER led him to the Woodbine bower
Which laſt our Song deſcrib'd, who ſeated there,
In ſilent tranſport view'd the lively ſcene.

* See Pope's Epiſtle to Lord Burlington, ver. 88.

" I ſee," his hoſt reſum'd, " my ſportive art
" Finds pardon here; not ev'n yon claſſic form,
" Pouring his liquid treaſures from his vaſe,
" Tho' foreign from the ſoil, provokes thy frown. *
" Try we thy candor further: higher art,
" And more luxurious, haply too more vain,
" Adorns yon ſouthern coppice." On they paſt
Thro' a wild thicket, till the perfum'd air
Gave to another ſenſe its prelude rich
On what the eye ſhould feaſt. But now the grove
Expands; and now the Roſe, the garden's Queen,
Amidſt her blooming ſubjects' humbler charms,
On ev'ry plot her crimſon pomp diſplays.
" Oh Paradiſe!" the ent'ring youth exclaim'd,
" Groves whoſe rich trees weep odorous gums and balm,
" Others whoſe fruit, burniſh'd with golden rind,

* It is hoped that, from the poſition of this River-God in the menagerie; from the ſituation of the buſts and vaſes in the flower-garden; and that of the ſtatue in the conſervatory, the reader will deduce the following general precept, " that all adventitious ornaments of ſculpture ought either to be accompanied with a proper back-ground, (as the Painters term it) or introduced as a part of architectural ſcenery; and that when, on the contrary, they are placed in open lawns or parterres, according to the old mode, they become, like Antæus and Enceladus, mentioned in the beginning of this book, mere *ſcare-crows*."

" Hang amiable, Heſperian fables true,
" If true, here only *." Thus, in Milton's phraſe
Sublime, the youth his admiration pour'd,
While paſſing to the dome; his next ſhort ſtep
Unveil'd the central ſtatue: " Heav'ns! juſt Heav'ns,"
He cry'd, " tis my NERINA." " Thine, mad Youth?
" Forego the word," ALCANDER ſaid, and paus'd;
His utterance fail'd; a thouſand cluſt'ring thoughts,
And all of blackeſt omen to his peace,
Recoil'd upon his brain, deaden'd all ſenſe,
And at the ſtatue's baſe him headlong caſt,
A lifeleſs load of being.—Ye, whoſe hearts
Are ready at Humanity's ſoft call
To drop the tear, I charge you weep not yet,
But fearfully ſuſpend the burſting woe:
NERINA's ſelf appears; the further iſle
She, fate-directed, treads. Does ſhe too faint?
Would Heav'n ſhe could! it were a happy ſwoon
Might ſoften her fixt form, more rigid now
Than

* See Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, book iv. ver. 248, &c.

Than is her marble ſemblance. One ſtiff hand
Lies leaden on her breaſt; the other rais'd
To heav'n, and half-way clench'd; ſtedfaſt her eyes,
Yet viewleſs; and her lips, which op'd to ſhriek,
Can neither ſhriek nor cloſe: So might ſhe ſtand
For ever: He, whoſe ſight caus'd the dread change,
Tho' now he claſps her in his anxious arms,
Fails to unbend one ſinew of her frame;
'Tis ice; 'tis ſteel. But ſee, ALCANDER wakes;
And waking, as by magic ſympathy,
NERINA whiſpers, " All is well, my friend;
" 'Twas but a viſion; I may yet revive——
" But ſtill his arm ſupports me; aid him, friend,
" And bear me ſwiftly to my woodbine bower;
" For there indeed I wiſh to breathe my laſt."

So ſaying, her cold cheek, and parched brow,
Turn'd to a livid paleneſs; her dim eyes
Sunk in their ſockets; ſharp contraction preſt
Her temples, ears, and noſtrils: ſigns well known

To thoſe that tend the dying.* Both the youths
Perceiv'd the change; and had ſtern Death himſelf
Wav'd his black banner viſual o'er their heads,
It could not more appall. With trembling ſtep,
And ſilent, both convey'd her to the bower.

Her languid limbs there decently compos'd,
She thus her ſpeech reſūm'd: "Attend my words
"Brave CLEON! dear ALCANDER! generous Pair:
"For both have tender intereſt in this heart
"Which ſoon ſhall beat no more. That I am thine
"By a dear Father's juſt commands I own,
"Much honour'd CLEON! take the hand he gave,
"And with it, Oh, if I could give my heart,
"Thou wert its worthy owner. All I can,
"(And that preſerv'd with chaſteſt fealty)
"Duteous I give thee, CLEON it is thine;

"Not

* Theſe lines are taken from the famous paſſage in Hippocrates in his book of Prognoſtics, which has been held ſo accurately deſcriptive, that dying perſons are, from hence, uſually ſaid to have the *facies Hippocratica*. The paſſage is as follows: Ῥὶς ὀξεῖα, ὀφθαλμοι κοῖλοι, κρόταφοι ζυμπεπτωκότες, ὦτα ψυχρὰ καὶ ξυνεσταλμένα, καὶ ὁ λόβοι τῶν ὤτων ἀπεστραμμένοι, καὶ τὸ δέρμα τὸ περὶ τὸ μέτωπον, σκληρὸν τε καὶ περιτεταμένον καὶ καρφαλέον ἐὸν, καὶ τὸ χρῶμα τῷ ξύμπαντι πρόσωπῳ χλωρὸν τε ἢ καὶ μέλαν ἐὸν καὶ πελιὸν ἢ μολιβδώδες.

" Not ev'n this dear preſerver, e'er could gain
" More from my ſoul than Friendſhip—that be his;
" Yet let me own, what, dying, ſooths the pang,
" That, had thyſelf and duty ne'er been known,
" He muſt have had my love." She paus'd; and dropt
A ſilent tear; then preſt the Stranger's hand;
Then bow'd her head upon ALCANDER's breaſt,
And " bleſs them both, kind Heav'n!" ſhe pray'd and died.

" And bleſt art thou," cry'd CLEON, (in a voice
Struggling with grief for utterance) bleſt to die
" Ere thou hadſt queſtion'd me, and I perforce
" Had told a tale which muſt have ſent thy ſoul
" In horror from thy boſom. Now it leaves
" A ſmile of peace upon thoſe pallid lips,
" That ſpeaks its parting happy. Go fair ſaint!
" Go to thy palm-crown'd father! thron'd in bliſs,
" And ſeated by his ſide, thou wilt not now
" Deplore the ſavage ſtroke that ſeal'd his doom;
" Go hymn the Fount of Mercy, who, from ill
" Educing good, makes ev'n a death like his,

" A life ſurcharg'd with tender woes like thine,
" The road to Joys eternal. Maid, farewell!
" I leave the caſket that thy virtues held
" To Him whoſe breaſt ſuſtains it; more belov'd,
" Perhaps more worthy, yet not loving more
" Than did thy wretched CLEON." At the word
He bath'd in tears the hand ſhe dying gave,
Return'd it to her ſide, and haſty roſe.
ALCANDER, ſtarting from his trance of grief,
Cry'd " ſtay, I charge thee ſtay;" " and ſhall he ſtay,"
CLEON reply'd, " whoſe preſence ſtabb'd thy peace?
" Hear this before we part: That breathleſs Maid
" Was daughter to a venerable Sage,
" Whom Boſton, when with peace and ſafety bleſt,
" In rapture heard pour from his hallow'd tongue
" Religion's pureſt dictates. 'Twas my chance,
" In early period of our civil broils,
" To ſave his precious life: And hence the Sire
" Did to my love his Daughter's charms conſign;
" But, till the war ſhould ceaſe, if ever ceaſe,

" Deferr'd

" Deferr'd our nuptials. Whither ſhe was ſent
" In ſearch of ſafety, well, I truſt, thou know'ſt;
" He meant to follow; but thoſe ruthleſs flames,
" That ſpar'd nor friend nor foe, nor ſex nor age,
" Involv'd the village, where on ſickly couch
" He lay confin'd, and whither he had fled
" Awhile to ſojourn. There (I ſee thee ſhrink)
" Was he that gave NERINA being burnt!
" Burnt by thy Countrymen! to Aſhes burnt!
" Fraternal hands and chriſtian lit the flame.—
" Oh thou haſt cauſe to ſhudder. I meanwhile
" With his brave ſon a diſtant warfare wag'd;
" And him, now I have found the prize I ſought,
" And finding loſt, I haſten to rejoin;
" Vengeance and glory call me." At the word,
Not fiercer does the Tigreſs quit her cave
To ſeize the hinds that robb'd her of her young,
Than he the Bower. " Stay, I conjure thee, ſtay,"
ALCANDER cry'd, but ere the word was ſpoke
CLEON was ſeen no more. " Then be it ſo,"

The

The youth continu'd, claſping to his heart
The beauteous corſe, and ſmiling as he ſpoke,
(Yet ſuch a ſmile as far out-ſorrows tears)
" Now thou art mine entirely—Now no more
" Shall Duty dare diſturb us—Love alone—
" But hark! he comes again—Away vain fear!
" 'Twas but the fluttering of thy feather'd flock.
" True to their cuſtom'd hour, behold they troop
" From iſland, grove, and lake. Ariſe my Love,
" Extend thy hand—I lift it, but it falls.
" Hence then, fond fools, and pine! NERINA's hand
" Has loſt the power to feed you. Hence and die."

Thus plaining, to his lips the icy palm
He lifted, and with ardent paſſion kiſt,
Then cry'd in agony, " on this dear hand,
" Once tremblingly alive to Love's ſoft touch,
" I hop'd to ſeal my faith:" This thought awak'd
Another ſad ſoliloquy, which they,
Whoe'er have lov'd, will from their hearts ſupply,
And they who have not will but hear and ſmile.

And let them ſmile, but let the ſcorners learn
There is a ſolemn luxury in grief
Which they ſhall never taſte; well known to thoſe,
And only thoſe, in Solitude's deep gloom
Who heave the ſigh ſincerely: Fancy there
Waits the fit moment; and, when Time has calm'd
The firſt o'erwhelming tempeſt of their woe,
Piteous ſhe ſteals upon the mourner's breaſt
Her precious balm to ſhed: Oh, it has power,
Has magic power to ſoften and to ſooth,
Thus duly miniſter'd. ALCANDER felt
The charm, yet not till many a ling'ring moon
Had hung upon her zenith o'er his couch,
And heard his midnight wailings. Does he ſtray
But near the fated temple, or the bower?
He feels a chilly monitor within,
Who bids him pauſe. Does he at diſtance view
His grot? 'tis darken'd with NERINA's ſtorm
Ev'n at the blaze of noon. Yet there are walks
The loſt one never trod, and there are ſeats

Where he was never happy by her ſide,
And theſe he ſtill can ſigh in. Here at length,
As if by chance, kind Fancy brought her aid,
When wand'ring thro' a grove of ſable yew,
Rais'd by his anceſtors; their Sabbath-path
Led thro' its gloom, what time too dark a ſtole
Was o'er Religion's decent features drawn
By Puritanic zeal. Long had their boughs
Forgot the ſheers; the ſpire, the holy ground
They baniſh'd by their umbrage. "What if here,"
Cry'd the ſweet Soother, in a whiſper ſoft,
"Some open ſpace were form'd, where other ſhades,
"Yet all of ſolemn ſort, Cypreſs and Bay
"Funereal, penſive Birch its languid arms
"That droops, with waving Willows deem'd to weep,
"And ſhiv'ring Aſpens mixt their varied green;
"What if yon trunk, ſhorn of its murky creſt,
"Reveal'd the ſacred Fane?" ALCANDER heard
The Charmer; ev'ry accent ſeem'd his own,
So much they touch'd his heart's ſad uniſon.

"Yes,

" Yes, yes," he cry'd, " Why not behold it all?
" That bough remov'd ſhews me the very vault
" Where my NERINA ſleeps, and where, when Heav'n
" In pity to my plaint the mandate ſeals,
" My duſt with her's ſhall mingle." Now his hinds,
Call'd to the taſk, their willing axes wield;
Joyful to ſee, as witleſs of the cauſe,
Their much-lov'd Lord his ſylvan arts reſume.
And next, within the centre of the gloom,
A ſhed of twiſting roots and living moſs,
With ruſhes thatch'd, with wattled oziers lin'd,
He bids them raiſe *: it ſeem'd a Hermit's cell;

* If this building is found to be in its right poſition, ſtructures of the ſame kind will be thought improperly placed when ſituated, as they frequently are, on an eminence commanding an extenſive proſpect. I have either ſeen or heard of one of this kind, where the builder ſeemed to be ſo much convinced of its incongruity, that he endeavoured to atone for it by the following ingenious motto:

Deſpicere unde queas alios, paſſimque videre
Errare, atque viam palanteis quærere vitæ. Luc. lib. ii. v. 9.

But it may be ſaid, that real Hermitages are frequently found on high mountains. Yet there the difficulty of acceſs gives that idea of retirement, not eaſily to be conveyed by imitations of them in a garden ſcene, without much accompanying ſhade and that lowneſs of ſituation, which occaſions a ſecluſion from all gay objects.

Yet void of hour-glaſs, ſcull, and maple diſh,
Its mimic garniture: ALCANDER's taſte
Diſdains to trick with emblematic toys
The place where He and Melancholy mean
To fix NERINA's buſt, her genuine buſt,
The model of the marble. There he hides,
Cloſe as a Miſer's gold, the ſculptur'd clay;
And but at early morn and lateſt eve
Unlocks the ſimple ſhrine, and heaves a ſigh;
Then does he turn, and thro' the glimm'ring glade
Caſt a long glance upon her houſe of death;
Then views the buſt again, and drops a tear.
Is this idolatry, ye ſage ones ſay? ——
Or, if ye doubt, go view the num'rous train
Of poor and fatherleſs his care conſoles;
The ſight will tell thee, he that dries their tears
Has unſeen angels hov'ring o'er his head,
Who leave their heav'n to ſee him ſhed his own.

Here

Here cloſe we, ſweet SIMPLICIY! the tale,
And with it let us yield to youthful bards
That Dorian reed we but awak'd to voice
When Fancy prompted, and when Leiſure ſmil'd;
Hopeleſs of general praiſe, and well repaid,
If they of claſſic ear, unpall'd by rhyme,
Whom changeful pauſe can pleaſe, and numbers free,
Accept our ſong with candour. They perchance,
Led by the Muſe to ſolitude and ſhade,
May turn that Art we ſing to ſoothing uſe,
At this ill-omen'd hour, when Rapine rides
In titled triumph; when Corruption waves
Her banners broadly in the face of day,
And ſhews th' indignant world the hoſt of ſlaves
She turns from Honour's ſtandard. Patient there,
Yet not deſponding, ſhall the ſons of Peace
Await the day, when, ſmarting with his wrongs,
Old England's Genius wakes; when with him wakes
That plain Integrity, Contempt of gold,
Diſdain of ſlav'ry, liberal Awe of rule,

Which fixt the rights of People, Peers, and Prince,
And on them founded the majeſtic pile
Of BRITISH FREEDOM; bad fair ALBION riſe
The ſcourge of tyrants; ſovereign of the ſeas;
And arbitreſs of empires. Oh return,
Ye long-loſt train of Virtues! ſwift return
To ſave ('tis ALBION prompts your Poet's prayer)
Her Throne, her Altars, and her laureat Bowers.

THE END.

GENERAL POSTSCRIPT.

FEW Poems, in the courſe of their compoſition, have been laid aſide and reſumed more caſually, or, in conſequence, publiſhed more leiſurely, than the foregoing; on which account, while it does not pretend to the Horatian merit of a nine-years ſcrutiny under the correcting hand of its Author, it will not thence, he may perhaps hope, be found to have that demerit which ariſes from ill-connected parts and an indigeſted plan. For, as a ſcheme was formed for the whole four books before even the firſt was written; and as that ſcheme has ſince been purſued with very little, if any deviation, it is preſumed that the three latter books will be found ſtrictly conſonant with the general principles advanced in the former; which, as it contained the principles, and ended epiſodically with a kind of hiſtoric deduction of the riſe and progreſs of the Art, might have been conſidered in the light of an entire work, (as the advertiſement before it hinted) had the ſucceeding books been never written.

However, as the whole deſign is at length completed, it may not be amiſs to give in this place a ſhort analyſis of the ſeveral

ſeveral books, in their order, to ſhew their connection one with another; and to obviate a few objections which have been made to certain parts of each, by ſome perſons whoſe opinions I highly reſpect; objections which I flatter myſelf might ariſe from their having examined thoſe parts ſeparately, as the ſeparate publication of the books neceſſarily led them to do; and which, perhaps, had they ſeen the whole together, they would not have found of ſo much importance.

I. The firſt book, as I have ſaid, contains the general Principles of the Art, which are ſhewn to be no other than thoſe which conſtitute Beauty in the ſiſter art of Landſcape Painting; Beauty which reſults from a well-choſen variety of curves, in contradiſtinction to that of Architecture which ariſes from a judicious ſymmetry of right lines, and which is there ſhewn to have afforded the principle on which that formal diſpoſition of Garden Ground, which our anceſtors borrowed from the French and Dutch, proceeded. A principle never adopted by Nature herſelf, and therefore conſtantly to be avoided by thoſe whoſe buſineſs it is to embelliſh Nature.

I know of no objection that has been made to any thing that I have aſſerted on this head, except to that part in which I have exploded Viſtas and Avenues, which, it has been ſaid, have in themſelves a conſiderable ſhare of intrinſic beauty. I am myſelf far from denying this; I only aſſert that their beauty is not pictureſque beauty; and therefore, that it is to be rejected by thoſe who follow pictureſque principles. It is architectural beauty, and accords only with architectural works. Where the Artiſt follows thoſe principles, viſtas are certainly admiſſible; and the French, who have ſo long followed them, have therefore not improperly (though one cannot help ſmiling at the title) given us in their Dictionary of Sciences, an article of *Architecture du Jardinage*. But did Gaſpar Pouſſin, or Claude Lorrain, ever copy theſe beauties on their canvas? Or would they have produced a pictureſque effect by their means if they had? I think this ſingle conſideration will induce every perſon of common taſte to allow that theſe two principles oppoſe one another, and that, whenever they appear together, they offend the eye of the beholder by their heterogeneous beauty: If therefore viſtas are ever to be admitted, or rather to be retained, it is only where they form an approach to ſome ſuperb manſion, ſo ſituated, that

the principal proſpect and ground allotted to pictureſque improvement lie entirely on the other ſide; ſo much ſo, that the two different modes of planting can never appear together from any given point of view; and this is the utmoſt that I can concede on this ſubject.

II. The pictureſque principle being thus eſtabliſhed in the firſt book, as well by proofs of its beauty when followed, as of the deformity which reſults from its being deſerted, the ſecond book proceeds to a more practical diſcuſſion of the ſubject, but confines itſelf to one point only, the diſpoſition of the ground-plan, and, that very material buſineſs immediately united with it, the proper diſpoſition and formation of the paths and fences. The neceſſity of attending conſtantly to the curvilinear principle is firſt ſhewn, not only in the formation of the ground-plan, with reſpect to its external boundary, but in its internal ſwellings and ſinkings, where all abruptneſs or angular appearances are as much to be avoided as in the form of the outline that ſurrounds the whole.

The pathways or walks are next conſidered, and that peculiar curve recommended for their imitation which is ſo frequently

quently found in common roads, foot-paths, &c. and which being caſually produced appears to be the general curve of nature.

The reſt of the book is employed in minutely deſcribing the method of making ſunk fences, and other neceſſary diviſions of the pleaſure-ground or lawn from the adjacent field or park; a part of the art which is of moſt eſſential conſequence, and which is frequently very difficult both to deſign and execute.

The dryneſs of this part of the ſubject led me to enliven the book with a concluding Epiſode, and alſo to throw into other places of it as much as I could of poetical embelliſhment; in one inſtance perhaps improperly, becauſe I have found it has generally been blamed. It is the apoſtrophe which I have made to the Genius or Muſe of Painting, when I am about to teach the beſt colour for concealing upright fences. It has been ſaid, "Why all this parade about daubing a rail?" Now, though I believe I might defend myſelf by the practice of my Maſters in Didactic Poetry, who frequently by ſuch apoſtrophes endeavour to beſtow conſequence on little

matters, to which they think it neceſſary to call the attention; yet I rather chuſe to give the objection its full force, and promiſe to ſoften the paſſage in the next edition; taking leave, however, here to aſſert in proſe that it is highly neceſſary to obſerve the rule in queſtion; becauſe if ſuch means be not taken for concealment, fences of that kind create much deformity in the general ſcene.

III. The THIRD BOOK proceeds to add natural ornament to that ground-plan which the ſecond book had aſcertained, in its two capital branches, Wood and Water.

The formation of the outline and poſition of the latter might indeed have been treated in the former book: But as Water, though the greateſt ornament of any rural ſcene, is certainly but an ornament, inaſmuch as the ſcene may exiſt without it; and as there are many beautifully-adorned Places where this additional grace cannot be produced, I thought proper to conſider it only as an adjunct. Somebody has ſaid (perhaps rather quaintly, yet certainly not without good meaning) that "water is the eye, and wood the eye-brow of nature;" and if ſo, there is ſurely no impropriety in treating the

the two features together. Certain it is, that, when united, they contribute more than any thing elſe to what may be called Scenical Expreſſion, without which the pictureſque Beauty we treat of loſes much of its value.

With reſpect to the judicious arrangement of Wood, conſidered ſeparately, I treat it under two diſtinct heads, that of planting it with a view of concealing defects, and introducing beauty in their place; and for the purpoſe of ornamenting the opener lawns. On the former of theſe I am more diffuſe, becauſe it is a ſubject which admits of preciſe rules. On the latter, as it is the peculiar province of Taſte, and depends chiefly on the eye of the Planter, who muſt neceſſarily vary his mode of planting as peculiar ſituations vary, more could not be ſaid with propriety: For, where the only thing needful is to avoid formality, and to treat Nature (as Mr. Pope excellently expreſſes it)

like a modeſt fair,
Not over dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare,

explicit rules rather tend to miſlead than to direct. I have, however, from ver. 209 to ver. 250, ventured to preſcribe a few material precepts which are incapable of being miſapplied;

and if to theſe be added, what I have ſaid in the firſt book concerning the falſe taſte of planting diſtances, I am in hopes I ſhall not be thought to have treated this part of my ſubject ſuperficially.

For I would wiſh my reader to conſider that the Plan of this Poem differs very materially in one reſpect from that of the Georgics of Virgil; and when I ſpeak merely of Plan, I may hope, without appearing arrogant, to bring them to a compariſon. His four books treat of four diſtinct ſubjects; Tillage, Planting, Breeding of Cattle, and Bees. He has no introductory book which treats of the general Art of Agriculture: Whereas this Poem, as appears from the analyſis here given, employs the firſt book entirely on that general ſubject, of which the three following are to be conſidered only as illuſtrations and amplifications: Where therefore that book had ſufficiently explained any topic, more could not be added in any ſucceeding one without tautology. And this, I hope, will ſufficiently obviate the objection which has been made to this part of the third book.

As to the ſecond general topic, Water, as I have heard no objections made to what I have there aſſerted, and believe every aſſertion conſonant to the general principles of the art, I ſhall here add nothing. Yet in the little Epiſode at the end of it, I have been frequently queſtioned whom I meant by LIGEA; and it has been thought that I ought not to have run away with one of Virgil's Sea-Nymphs*, to tranſport her into an Engliſh inland ſcene. There is ſome weight in this objection; and to ſhew that I think ſo, I will here diſcover what I have hitherto kept as a ſort of ſecret. The lines, where this Nymph is mentioned, were written in a very retired grove belonging to Mr. Frederic Montagu, who has long honoured me with his friendſhip, where a little clear trout-ſtream (dignified perhaps too much by the name of a River) gurgles very deliciouſly. The name of this ſtream is the LIN, and the ſpring itſelf riſes but a little way from his plantations †. I ſeem to find myſelf aſked here pretty abruptly, Why then did you not call your Nymph LINEA? I will

* Drymoque, Zanthoque, *Ligeaque*, Phyllodoceque. GEOR. iv. ver. 336.

† At Papplewick, in Nottinghamſhire, on the edge of the Foreſt of Sherwood. The village itſelf has not been without poetical notice before, Ben Johnſon having taken ſome of his *perſonæ dramatis* from it, in his unfiniſhed Paſtoral Comedy, called *The Sad Shepherd*.

will own the truth. I had reſolved, when I firſt planned my Poem, to bring no inſtances from any individual ſcene: For I thought the nature of its compoſition, as it excluded particular ſatire, would not, with more propriety admit of particular panegyric; and therefore, by a ſlight alteration in the name, and by ſome other as ſlight deviations from the ſcenery, I cautiouſly maſked the Naiad in queſtion.

I will here give the reader another inſtance of ſimilar caution: Finding, in the ſame book, occaſion to explode the too great fondneſs for exotic plants, I thought that the moſt poetical way of doing it was to exhibit an inſtance ſomewhat in the ſame manner in which Virgil introduces his old Corycian Gardener: But to prevent all poſſible application, as I thought, I laid my ſcene on the banks of the remote Swale, where I imagined the taſte for exotics had not yet reached, or at leaſt had not yet been carried to any exceſs; yet I have been ſince told, that the neighbourhood immediately pointed out a certain very worthy Gentleman as the undoubted object of my ſatire, whoſe improvements I had never ſeen, nor even heard, that, from the inclemency of the climate, his plantations had ever ſuffered in the way that I have deſcribed. I have, therefore,

fore, only to deſire that my readers, now poſſeſſed of one of my ſecrets, would ſubſtitute an N for a G where the name LIGEA occurs; and that the reſpectable Gentleman, now acquainted with the other, would acquit me of any premeditated ridicule on his ſubject.

IV. Factitious or artificial ornaments, in contradiſtinction to natural ones laſt treated, form the general ſubject of the FOURTH BOOK, and conclude the plan. By theſe is meant not only every aid which the art borrows from architecture; but thoſe ſmaller pieces of ſeparate ſcenery appropriated either to ornament or uſe, which do not make a neceſſary part of the whole; and which, if admitted into it, would frequently occaſion a littleneſs ill-ſuiting with that unity and ſimplicity which ſhould ever be principally attended to in an extenſive pleaſure-ground.

Though this ſubject was in itſelf as ſuſceptible of poetical embelliſhment as any that preceded it, and much more ſo than thoſe contained in the ſecond book; yet I was apprehenſive that deſcriptive poetry, however varied, might pall

when continued through ſo long a poem; and therefore, by interweaving a tale with the general theme, I have given the whole a narrative, and in ſome places a dramatic caſt. The idea was new, and I found the execution of it ſomewhat difficult: However, if I have ſo far ſucceeded as to have conveyed, thro' the medium of an intereſting ſtory, thoſe more important principles of taſte which this part of my ſubject required, and if thoſe rules only are omitted which readily reſult from ſuch as I have deſcriptively given; if the judicious place and arrangement of thoſe artificial forms, which give the chief embelliſhment to a finiſhed garden-ſcene, be diſtinctly noticed, I am not without hope that this concluſion will be thought (as Sir Henry Wotton ſaid of Milton's juvenile Poems at the end of a miſcellany) to leave the reader in ſome ſmall degree *con la bocca dolce*.

With reſpect to the criticiſms, which may be made on this laſt book, there is one ſo likely to come from certain readers, that I am inclined to anticipate it; and taking for granted that it will be ſaid to breathe too much of the ſpirit of party, to return the following ready anſwer: The word *Party*, when applied

applied to thoſe men, who, from private and perſonal motives, compoſe either a majority or minority in a houſe of parliament, or to thoſe who out of it, on ſimilar principles, approve or condemn the meaſures of any adminiſtration, is certainly in its place: But in a matter of ſuch magnitude as the preſent American War, in which the deareſt intereſts of mankind are concerned, the puny term has little or no meaning. If, however, it be applied to me on this occaſion, I ſhall take it with much complacency, conſcious that no ſentiment appears in my Poem which does not prove its author to be of THE PARTY OF HUMANITY.

The whole of the Plan being now explained, I might here finiſh, did not a general objection remain which I have heard made to the ſpecies of Verſification in which I choſe to compoſe it. I muſt, therefore, beg the reader's patience while I inform him why I preferred blank verſe to rhyme on this occaſion.

When I firſt had the ſubject in contemplation, I found it admitted of two very different modes of compoſition: One

was that of the regular Didactic Poem, of which the Georgics of Virgil afford ſo perfect an example; the other that of the preceptive epiſtolary eſſay, the model of which Horace has given in his Epiſtles *Ad Auguſtum & ad Piſones*. I balanced ſometime which of theſe I ſhould adopt, for both had their peculiar merit. The former opened a more ample field for pictureſque deſcription and poetical embelliſhment; the latter was more calculated to convey exact precept in conciſe phraſe*. The one furniſhed better means of illuſtrating my ſubject, and the other of defining it; the former admitted thoſe ornaments only which reſulted from lively imagery and figurative diction, the latter ſeemed rather to require the ſeaſoning of wit and ſatire; this, therefore, appeared beſt calculated to expoſe falſe taſte, and that to elucidate the true. But falſe taſte, on this ſubject, had been ſo inimitably ridiculed by Mr. Pope, in his Epiſtle to Lord Burlington, that it ſeemed to preclude all other authors (at leaſt it precluded me) from touching it after him; and therefore, as he had left much unſaid

* See Mr. Pope's account of his *deſign* in writing the Eſſay on Man, in which the peculiar merit of that way, in which he ſo greatly excelled, is moſt happily explained. He choſe, as he ſays, "Verſe, and even Rhyme, for two reaſons: Verſe, becauſe precepts, ſo written, ſtrike more ſtrongly, and are retained more eaſily: Rhyme, becauſe it expreſſes arguments or inſtructions more conciſely than even Proſe itſelf."

unſaid on that part of the art on which it was my purpoſe principally to enlarge, I thought the Didactic method not only more open but more proper for my attempt. This matter once determined, I did not heſitate as to my choice between blank verſe and rhyme; becauſe it clearly appeared, that numbers of the moſt varied kind were moſt proper to illuſtrate a ſubject *whoſe every charm ſprings from variety*, and which painting Nature, as *ſcorning control*, ſhould employ a verſification for that end as unfettered as Nature itſelf. Art at the ſame time, in rural improvements, pervading the province of Nature, unſeen and unfelt, ſeemed to bear a ſtriking analogy to that ſpecies of verſe, the harmony of which reſults from meaſured quantity and varied cadence, without the too ſtudied arrangement of final ſyllables, or regular return of conſonant ſounds. I was, notwithſtanding, well aware, that by chooſing to write in blank verſe, I ſhould not court popularity, becauſe I perceived it was growing much out of vogue; but this reaſon, as may be ſuppoſed, did not weigh much with a writer, who meant to combat Faſhion in the very theme he intended to write upon; and who was alſo convinced that a mode of Engliſh verſification, in which ſo many good poems, with

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SIMPLICIY, read SIMPLICITY.